

# NEW YORK JOURNAL

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## NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

**Steele Mackaye Compels Respect for Louis Aldrich—The Protection Movement—The Transcendent Absurdity of Mr. Mackaye's Arguments Dissected—The Aesthetic Nihilistic Swing of his Reasoning and Dogmatic Generalizations—The Union of Brain and Hand—The World a Cathedral and a Workshop to the Man of Talent.**

I was beginning to hate that most roval good fellow, Mr. Louis Aldrich, as if we belonged to different churches. He is a protectionist, pure and simple, and thinks in his simple-mindedness that protection is an elemental principle founded in nature, and that the city of New York ought, for the benefit of its wage-earners, to tax everything that comes into it from Brooklyn. At least I suppose he does, because, if protection is an elemental principle there is no good reason why it should not be applied to a city as well as a larger commonwealth.

At all events, I was, as I say, beginning to hate Mr. Aldrich properly and bitterly, when all at once up pops Mr. Steele Mackaye and turns everything upside down, as he usually does, and now I feel a deep and fervent respect for Mr. Aldrich.

Let him thank Steele Mackaye for it. I should never have known how consistent and clever Mr. Aldrich was in this business if Mr. Mackaye had not offered himself as a background of blazing inconsistency.

I suppose men are born free traders or protectionists. It never made the slightest difference in my friendship, however, if they were only born sincere.

So you see Mr. Aldrich will get along with me very well, although he is going to have the Constitution of the United States amended in favor of my friends Eben Plympton and Ned Buckley.

But Mr. Mackaye—what shall we do with him? Shall we say that a man is a free trader just in proportion as he has a Paul Kaurar that he wants to produce in England?

Now, both these gentlemen, Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Mackaye, have, for the last three months stood squarely on the protection platform. They claimed that American industry should be protected from foreign competition. The movement of the actors is, I think, the consistent and logical outcome of the doctrine so eloquently preached during the political campaign. But the moment the doctrine was applied to the acting wage-earners in the theatre Mr. Mackaye rushes into print over his name to denounce it.

If he had denounced it broadly and on principle I should not object, but he has made a sufficiently ridiculous scheme appear respectable by contrast with the transcendent absurdity of his arguments.

"I select your journal," he writes to the *Tribune*, "for the discussion of this question, because it seems to me that an organ holding dear the principle of protection, which is really precious to the industrial world, should welcome any light which may tend to relieve that principle from the contempt it justly deserves when applied in the realm of art."

So, then, this precious principle is worthy of contempt or of praise in accordance with its application, and the governmental sanction which is good enough for the artisan, the fabricator, the inventor, the scientific creator, is not good enough for the acting gander. What kind of a precious principle is this whose intrinsic preciousness is to be determined by the people to whom you apply it. It must be one of those grand, universal truths which Mr. Steele Mackaye is fond of talking about, and these card-moats men are fond of applying to the game of now you see it and now you don't.

Of course it is absurd to apply the political doctrine of protection to actors and the drama, but not for any such reasons as Mr. Mackaye advances, but only for the reason that the doctrine is absurd in itself and is only more or less absurd in any place you put it.

If this is not so, then Mr. Aldrich has got the best of it, and he consistently believes in the principle and its general application.

Mr. Mackaye's resounding and dogmatic generalizations have a certain æsthetic-nihilistic swing like Paul Kaurar's heroism when he goes to the scaffold to save an innocent man. But they involve themselves into ridiculous bombast when brought to the test of examination, as Paul Kaurar's heroism does when he crawls out of the bottom of the death

cart and escapes as soon as he sees the guillotine.

"The industry of the hand," exclaims this doctor of laws, "is absolutely distinct from the industry of the head."

Well, that depends altogether on what kind of a head it is. If it is a head of steam, or a head of cattle, I grant you the absolute distinctness.

But if it is an intellectual head, such as is used in the Delmarre methods and is inseparably connected with such a hand as is disciplined and trained to carry out the behests of that head in the Delmarre system, then the distinction is not so absolute after all in any of the physical pursuits of life, whether they be industrial or artistic.

"The industry of the hand deals with dollars; the industry of the head with ideas," continues the rapid Mr. Mackaye.

I should like to see him apply this precious

ever saw. And it all springs from the Delmarre notion that you can give a thing away and have it at the same time.

But perhaps Hazel Kirke was not an idea.

"In the realm of mechanics," says Mr. Mackaye, "protection is necessary to assist the struggling organizations of manual labor to maintain their existence."

This looks as if Mr. Mackaye, when he copyrighted Paul Kaurar, and protected it by stage rights in England, believed it to be the struggling outcome of an organization of manual labor.

Well, perhaps, it is.

But I should like to know who wants "organizations" of manual labor to maintain their existence. Mr. Mackaye has here inadvertently let the protection cat out of his free trade bag. It is voting organizations that protection wants to protect, not manual labor.

"But art, on the contrary," proceeds Mr.

liberty and inspiration, down to the sudden earth, where slavery to the fatal forces of material existence (*sic*) is the price that must be paid for more monetary success."

If Mr. Aldrich will frame a protective law that will drag Mr. Mackaye down from the "infinite spaces" and keep him down, I will promise to advocate it with all my heart.

His whole foggy notion that ideas are like oxygen and acts are industrial, is based on the incomprehensible supposition that they proceed in this world of endeavor in two distinct columns and never intermingle, whereas they are so jumbled up and interdependent that not even the philosopher of the *conféssé* can separate them.

The whole body of the common law proceeds on the assumption that the possessor of a productive idea is proprietor of it. The whole machinery of statutory law works on the basis

try of the hand. The industry of the hand, when separated from the head, is the automation of unconsciousness. The only man on earth who keeps them absolutely distinct is the catalogued invalid.

Mr. Aldrich's mistake lies in the endeavor to discriminate in this field along geographical lines; to mark out the domain of art with the picket fence of the provincial. Mr. Mackaye's error is in raising a stone wall between ideas and exertions.

Mr. Aldrich is at least faithful to his protection theory and is comfortably within the lines of national expediency.

Mr. Mackaye, with his head in the luminiferous ether and his feet in the People's Theatre, is trying to make us believe that his hands and his head never know what each other is up to, and shouldn't on principle.

The only practical result of this is that we don't.

I like the topological pervasion which says: "Politics may be endured in dealing with the lower activities of human life, but in the name of all that is sacred and precious to the nobler side of our existence, let us keep politics apart from science, philosophy and art."

This is all very precious and noble, especially from a man who has built his last art work wholly out of the politics of France, but I should like to know how we are going to keep our philosophy and our science from the lower activities of human life when they owe their expansion and their diffusion to our political freedom, and have all been directed for a hundred years to the beneficent work of pulling these lower activities up to a higher plane.

Politics itself is a science. Mr. Steele Mackaye's Damascus sword cannot cover them—so. And art itself when it is not an industry becomes a disembodied impertinence.

What I should like to see stage art do is to stick to the lower activities until they understood that brain and art are not the same work, and do not recognize the impassable gulf which Mr. Mackaye has imagined in his inner consciousness, and utterly disregarded in his career as a manager.

Mr. Mackaye has an offensive mental imperialism that is entirely repugnant to the republic of actors. The stage, despite his theatrical notions of art is a democracy. Its greatness lies in the fact that it has no arbitrary limitations for the citizen worker and regards neither caste, nor birth-place, nor climate, nor creed. Given ability and the common virtue of industry—and the world is open to him, at once a cathedral and a workshop. Every theatre inside of civilization is his lodgroom and every human being is his brother. The only badge that he wears is talent, and wealth, power, potentates and proletarians bow in recognition of it.

I would, therefore, while taking down Mr. Aldrich's picket fence, at the same time dislodge Mr. Mackaye from his empyrean of idiosyncrasy and beg him to remain all brass or all clay.

### NYM CRINKLE.

#### To Commemorate Actors.

Several members of the Jekyll and Hyde company, now traveling in Kentucky, including George Ober, the star; Adelaide Ober, Fred L. Power and others, visited the Mammoth Cave on Dec. 24.

Among the sights of the Cave is a vast chamber known as the Theatre, having a well-defined gallery and stage, from which latter Edwin Booth once made a speech—according to the guide. Leading back from the stage is an avenue from forty to sixty feet in height and in places as wide, where from time to time piles of loose stones have been placed by tourists as monuments to different people, States and societies.

Mr. Ober learned from the guide that there was none, so yet, dedicated to actors or actress societies, so he asked and obtained the privilege of laying the foundation of a monument to American actors and the Dramatic and Protective Order of Elks combined. Each of his company placed a stone, marked with his or her name, upon the pile, as in the custom of tourists.

The guide will place a marked board above, and when next Mr. Ober visits the Cave he hopes to find a huge pile in honor of his brother actors and the Elks.

In the Grand Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, are programmes of Elks' Addresses in that city in 1884. The manager was John Ellsler and James Lewis was the conductor. The stars programmed are E. E. J. Wilson in Memphis, Sadie St. Clair in Jacksonville, Alice Kingsbury in Asanodent, and Mrs. John Ellsler in the Sea of Ice. The present John Ellsler played a child's part.



MRS. POTTER.

principle practically and show us where the idea work ends and the dollar-work begins in his own artistic labors. If they are absolutely distinct why doesn't the amorphous free trader keep them so? Is Paul Kaurar a child of his brain or of his hand? If it is of his head, why did he protect it? And having protected it, which has received "the contempt it so justly deserves," the play or the principle?

It is the hand that deals with dollars and not the head, what becomes of the financiers of Wall Street who toll not neither do they

"A man may give his ideas to a million and yet retain them himself." So? You gave Hazel Kirke to a million. Have you retained any of it yourself? It occurs to me that for a man who talks of the principle of protection, holding it so precious to the industrial world, "which have been the worst protected man I

Mackaye, depending for its advancement first and fundamentally on mental instead of material (*vic*) factors can achieve progress only in an atmosphere of absolute free trade.

And that is the reason why, I suppose, his protection friends have put a tax on all foreign works of art that come to this country.

Mr. Louis Aldrich, who is not clouded by any considerations of the preciousness of fundamental distinctions, doesn't see why, if the government taxes a French landscape of Corot or an English composition of Tadmara's, it shouldn't tax Mary Anderson's English water colors or Mr. Irving's cartoons of Faust.

Mr. Aldrich, although an actor and on pleasure bent, is, at the same time, possessor of a frugal mind, which is more than can be said of Mr. Mackaye.

"To claim protection for the American actor," continues Mr. Mackaye, "is to drag him out of the infinite spaces of intellectual

of protecting the idea in an invention, not of protecting the manual industry.

There is, no doubt, some cruelty involved in the dragging down of such actors as Mr. Joseph Haworth and Alvin Joslyn from the "infinite spaces of intellectual inspiration" (whatever they may be), and to chain that ethereal Mercury, Mr. Nat Goodwin, to the "sudden earth" and fasten him to the "slavery of letters" (whatever that may be), makes the untrammeled spirit grope. But unfortunately for this thought they may prefer to drag themselves down after reading Mr. Mackaye, and clearly comprehending what a spectacle a man can make of himself in those realms. And it sooner or later becomes a question whether good work is done in the clouds and vaporous spaces or along the dusty road of human conflict.

I object to the assertion that the industry of the hand is absolutely distinct from the indus-







## The Giddy Gusher.



What a brave and beautiful day this one of the New Year, Jan. 1, is! There is a lot of old women of both sexes going on about a "young Christmas making a fat churchyard," but according to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "Whatever is best," and to make an improvement in this splendid day is out of the weather-broader's power.

From seven big windows in my fair, I look out upon a landscape saturated with sunlight. My bird orchestra in every window is beating what I call a recital. They are telling their little troubles in top notes. Tompety has a swing he at once loves and detests. He swells up and puffs it and nearly explodes with musical wrath, while Nat and Matt and Dick and Topknot and Levy join in a deafening endorsement of his statements.

A Zenada ring-dove sits on four eggs, with a careful young husband conveying the choicest bits of chopped egg to her every two seconds till she's full to the bill. The dear dogs are camping round a glowing stove and in a snug ribbon-trimmed cradle The Gusher's baby coos at a frosted cotton snowball swinging above his head. I'm getting afraid of that prematurely wise child. I believe he already philosophizes and reasons. I know he understands. I had him on the piazza in the sunlight this morning, robed in his best clothes, and when he has tags on he represents a multitude of loving friends. The cap on his knowing head, Emily Chamberlain; the little coat on his back, Sidney Armstrong; the embroidered flannel sheet, Madame Pontis; the rich embroidered dress, Emma Babcock; the stunning petticoat, Kate Rankie; the fine fur rug, Mrs. Flynn; the blue embroidered shoes, Ella Chapman, in London.

He's a composite exposition of human affection.

I held him up on the piazza to day, to see the hill among whose bushes he had lain so lately, freezing in hospital rags. I spoke to him of the mutability of human affairs, of the great changes in his own short life. I dwelt on the remarkable transition in his own condition that found him half a mile away from the scene of his miserable abandonment—coddled like the richest baby in the land, clothed by a dozen beautiful women, enjoying the intellectual companionship of The Gusher by day and by night.

He gathered himself for a tremendous kick and burst out with a triumphal, "Goo!" He's a great kid—The Gusher's baby—and as we all, birds, dogs, little man and the subscriber, look out on the glorious day we wish everyone as happy a New Year as ours.

I remember my first New Year's Day in New York.

I was visiting a family with several pretty daughters, and a wild and woolly time we had preparing for it. Low-necked gowns, made for the occasion, had kept the house in a ferment for a week. It's only of late years Christmas has superseded New Year's Day in importance. Children had presents and everyone had tremendous feasts, but the actual strength of the female mind expended itself on New Year's.

I believe this particular family had been getting up their fruit cake and pickled oysters since the Fourth of July. It was a feast for Lucullus—if Lucullus liked turkey, hams, oysters and cake. Urns of coffee and pots of tea stood all round, but a sideboard was the feature and a punch-bowl the attraction.

I liked it for an hour after the campaign opened, then I thought it the most awful affair I ever participated in.

In those days each man made out his list and took all his chums with him whether they knew the besieged family or not. The acquaintance would marshal his gang behind him in the hall, head the procession and march into the parlors, rattle off their names, and after a volley of "Wish you Happy New Year," all would rush for the table, stand round with plates and glasses for a while, then hurriedly ejaculate something about "many happy returns," and bolt for their carriages and the next house.

It was a wet and slushy day, and my friend's parlors ran like rivers as it neared night, when the most awful feature of the occasion set in.

The evening callers, having been hard at it all day, came in all stages of intoxication. They were bad enough sober, these New Year callers, but they were dreadful drunk.

Some nights live in a woman's memory—that one does in mine. I crawled into bed next morning, disgusted with all I had heard, seen, eaten, drunk and smelled. My poor girl friends mourned the ruin of their pretty gowns. Their mother groaned as she picked pickled

oysters out of the tubs of her satin chairs. The carpet went away to the cleaner, the ash-burners carted off the broken glass and crockery, we all had headaches, and I concluded I'd pass next New Year's in the country, and I did.

In a Massachusetts town, between Springfield and Worcester, dwelt an old aunt and uncle, and to them I went to spend my holidays. New Year's morning Uncle Jeremiah passed the early portion in the "sink room" compounding a mixture called "stone fence." Now running up against a brick wall isn't a circumstance to tackling "stone fence." Aunt Abby had fried a mighty pile of doughnuts, and my Cousin Jack had cracked a half-bushel of hickory nuts. The farmers began to arrive, and, with hard cider, stone fence and doughnuts, the New Year began.

No such goings on were allowed by my careful aunt in the best room, where the horse-hair sofa and the axial lamps and the paper flowers and worked sampler lived alone in their dusty glory. The New Year began and ended in the kitchen. Two or three old southerners, early friends of Uncle Jerry and Aunt Ab, didn't go away at all. They held on till Jan. 2. The stone fence was too much for their old legs to climb, and they stayed all night. So, after all sorts of New Year celebrations, I think my quiet time with my live stock is the best—don't you?

I've come to the conclusion that poetry, if you have the ideas blocked out and most of their expression handsomely done for you, is an easy thing. A little while ago Robert Ingersoll apostrophized tobacco in his eloquent way, and a Cuban pamphlet had the first fly at it.

Lately it came my way, and as I have before put the great orator's poetic prose into verse so have I tampered with their exquisite sentences.

I give you Mr. Ingersoll's words first and then trot lamely after with my rhymed version of his beautiful utterances, sure that you will thank me for quoting, whatever you may think of my meddling with

## CUBA.

BY ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Nearly four centuries ago Columbus, the adventurous, in the blessed island of Cuba, saw happy people with rolled leaves between their lips. Above their heads were little clouds of smoke. Their faces were serene, and in their eyes was the autumnal heaven of content. These people were kind, innocent, gentle, and loving. The climate of Cuba is the friendship of the earth and air, and of this climate the sacred leaves were born. The leaves that breed in the mind of him who uses them, the cloudless happy days in which they grew. These leaves make friends and celebrate with gentle rites the vows of peace. They have given consolation to the world. They are the companions of the lowly, the friends of the imprisoned, of the exiled, of workers in mines, of fellers of forests, of sailors on the desolate seas. They are the givers of strength and calm to the vexed and wearied minds of those who build with thought and dream the temples of the soul. They tell of hope and rest, they smooth the wrinkled brows of care, drive fears and strange misshapen dreads from out the mind, and fill the heart with rest and peace. Within their magic warp and woof some potent gracious spell imprisoned lies, that when released by fire doth softly steal within the fortress of the brain and bind in sleep the captured sentinels of care and grief. These leaves are the friends of the fireside and their smoke, like incense, rises from myriads of happy homes. Cuba is the smile of the sea.

## INGERSOLL'S "CUBA."

FIXED BY THE GUSHER.

When near four hundred years ago Columbus, wondrous name, To the blessed Isle of Cuba And the happy people came, The Autumn heaven of content He heard in all they spoke With rolled leaves between their lips And heads in clouds of smoke.

The friendship of the air and earth Where these sacred leaves broke through, Bred in the mind of him who smoked The days in which they grew. Then leaves make friends, they celebrate Our vows with gentle rites, Give consolation to the world, Brighten our days and nights.

The lowly find companionship, The prisoned find release, The exile reaches home again. As he smokes his pipe of peace, The tellers of the forest, The sailors on the seas, The workers in the dingy mine, Win from them hours of ease.

To the vexed and wearied mind of those Who build with dream and thought, The noble temples of the soul Both strength and calm are brought. They smooth the wrinkled brow of care, They tell of hope and rest, They drive all fears, misshapen dreads, From out the anxious breast.

Within their magic warp and woof Some spell imprisoned lies, That when it is released by fire Will softly wake, and rise To steal within the fortress Of the weary worker's brain, And find in sleep the captured guards Of care, and grief, and pain.

These leaves are friends of firenides, Like incense smoke ascends From myriads of happy homes To tell of loving friends, To tell of prisoned fancies, That tobacco has set free And make us christen Cuba A smile upon the sea.

I can hardly wait for that week with Potter in Cleopatra and Langtry in Lady Macbeth.

I'm going to a medium to hear what the divine William thinks about it. He may be too much occupied with Henry's Thane of Cawdor to give special attention to New York just now. Irving's remarkable legs in a hilt must be a show, indeed. The furbelows of Benedick, Malvolio and Romeo, have not the same effect on legs that the Scotch costume has. A dappled petticoat, and the upholstered air of a plaid braided about the shoulders, give the top-heavy look to a man who has the penholder order of legs.

I can't imagine Irving as Mr. Macbeth—Ellen Terry as the Madame. Yes, she's got a tragic contraction of the forehead that fits the property plot of Duncan's murder down to the ground. She's got that far-away second sight vision sure to light on "damned spots," and her altitude carries her into a region where the business of assassination seems suitable.

But, dear Henry, he must be a wondrous Macbeth. I advise Diney to do a scene of that tragedy at once and do it as Henry would. What a hit he'd make.

I'm surprised at Louisa Eldridge. I thought she was going to play the asp in Antony and Cleopatra, and here she is first witch in the Langtry company.

Well, another week and amusements really begin in New York. Meantime, among those who wait impatiently, count your

GIDDY GUSHER.

## Fred Leslie's Prospects.

Fred Leslie had just left the bank when a Mirror reporter accosted him near the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other day.

"Yes, it's quite settled that I can't go to the Casino for some little time more," he said. "I've done my very best to be relieved, but Edwards won't let me go. You may say, though, for me that I will probably come over to play here when my contract with the Gaiety company has expired. It runs for two years yet, and I am consequently booked up to December, 1890.

"There has been such a number of assertions, by the way, regarding my salary that I wish you would give a few facts in the case. According to the statements made, English actors are cheaper than American ones. I can assure you it is not so in my case. It has been reported that Mr. Aronson offered me \$500 per week. That is not true, and the chances are very much against his contemplating the offer of that sum for it is much less than I am receiving at present. What he did offer me was a salary of \$500 per week. By the way, I wish you would remember me to the "Usher." I am quite a recluse now, and seldom get an opportunity to pay a visit but before we go away I shall drop in on him.

"I am hard at work now on a burlesque which I am writing in connection with Herbert Carke. It is on the subject of Ray Blas and the contract provides that it shall be produced within twelve months after the return of the Gaiety company to England. We have received an offer of a big cheque to play a return engagement here at a prominent Broadway theatre, but no definite arrangements have as yet been made."

## Actors' Fund Jottings.

Three thousand two hundred and twelve visits were made by professionals to the rooms during the week ending Dec. 29. The Board of Trustees will hold their regular monthly meeting to-day (Thursday) at 2 P. M. Mr. Antonio E. Terry has generously donated two hundred dollars to the Fund.

## More Comments.

San Francisco Examiner.

The Christmas Number of The New York Mirror has arrived, and as usual, contains a great deal of interesting matter. Those who yearn for knowledge of the private thoughts, imaginings, hopes and ideals of prominent members of "the profession" will scan its pages eagerly; for them are prose and poetry galore, written by stage celebrities. Among the contributors are Coppell, Rosina Vokes, Edward Harrigan, Frank Daniels, Viola Allen, W. J. Florence, Tony Pastor, Milton Nobles and Fanny Rice. The critics and the playwrights are also represented. Willie Winter and "Nyn Crabbie," Joe Howard, Jr., "Dan," Florence Maryatt, William Gillette and Henry De Mille are contributors, and Minnie Maddern offers a little song. The number is typographically pleasing, and has a very attractive outside.

## A GREAT ADVANCE.

Buffalo Times.

This New York Mirror Christmas Number is a great advance upon the last year's issue. The pictures are of uniform excellence and the contributions of very great interest. William Winter writes of the "English Lecher;" Rosina Vokes of "One Christmas Night;" Edward Harrigan of "Jimmie Daly's Christmas Present;" Hermann of "Diabolism on the Russian Frontier;" Nyn Crabbie on "Mr. Tuck's Eds.;" Tony Pastor of "My First Show;" Joseph Howard of "The Spectacle in Transit;" Sydney Rosenfeld of "Spider, a Gift Dog." There are poems by William Gillette, Sydney Cowell, Kate Chilton and Estelle Clayton.

## APPEALS TO ALL.

Albany Journal.

The New York Mirror, under Mr. Harrison Grey Fisher's editorship, has become a valuable dramatic newspaper, but it is in his Christmas issue that Mr. Fisher has shown a remarkable genius. The current Christmas Mirror, while it will delight all who belong to the dramatic profession, appeals to and will entertain the general public. It presents rich, professional illustrations, cartoons, and pictures appropriate to an excellent literary symposium in which many of the most notable players and dramatists of the day figure. Taken as a whole, it is one of the handsomest and most readable of the season's features. The Anniversary Number of The Mirror, which followed the Christmas Number, was also a credit to Mr. Fisher's enterprise.

## BY FAR THE PRETTIEST.

Washington (D. C.) Capital.

By far the prettiest holiday periodical is The New York Mirror's Christmas issue. Between the decorated covers is a feast prepared by the more prominent of the actors and actresses of the country, including special papers by its regular contributors. The articles are fully as interesting as the illustrations are artistic. Last week was the tenth anniversary of the founding of the present Mirror, and the event was celebrated by the publication of the biographies of those who have

made the paper as potent a factor in the dramatic world.

## MOST READABLE AND ARTISTIC.

Charlotte (S. C.) Post-Op.  
The Christmas Number of The New York Mirror is one of the most readable and artistic of all the handsomely illustrated holiday issues which have appeared this season. Under the able editorial control of Mr. Harrison Grey Fisher The Mirror has assumed the leadership of the dramatic press in America, and the famous old weekly which Nathaniel Parker Willis years ago established in conjunction with George P. Morris has never experienced such prosperity as Mr. Fisher has brought to it in the two years he has had charge of it.

## ARTISTIC AND ATTRACTIVE.

Kelso (Pa.) Constitution-Democrat  
Among the numerous exquisite holiday publications the Christmas Number of The New York Mirror is one of the most artistic and attractive. It is far superior to all former holiday annuals issued by this journal, all of which have been highly creditable to the publisher. The one before us contains many beautiful and artistic illustrations, numerous interesting contributions from leading professionals and people closely connected with the stage, and in appearance it is as neat and artistic as it would be possible to attain typographically. The Christmas Mirror is one which reflects credit upon its young and talented editor and publisher, and upon the profession of which it is the sincere and earnest friend and champion.

## ENTERTAINING TO ALL.

Somerville (N. J.) Somerset Democrat.  
The New York Mirror has issued a handsome Christmas Number that is a credit to the publisher. Its typography is superb, and the contents interesting and well selected. It is of especial interest to those who read the boards, but is also entertaining to those who patronize the drama.

## EXCEEDINGLY FINE.

Battle Creek (Mich.) Daily News.  
The Christmas Number of The New York Mirror is a most excellent number, with beautiful engravings, and accompanied by a colored picture entitled "Behind the Scenes." The Mirror is the standard authority for all show news, and is justly popular for the amount of excellent reading it contains. The Christmas Number is exceedingly fine and should be seen.

## ATTRACTING WIDE ATTENTION.

Burlington Hawkeye.  
The Christmas Number of The New York Mirror is one of the very earliest of the holiday publications this year, having made its appearance Dec. 2. It is, undoubtedly, the handsomest as well as the most thoroughly interesting of all the fine holiday numbers ever issued by this fine publication and is attracting wide attention. A handsome and appropriate supplement, in fourteen colors, accompanies it. People who take any great interest in the stage and the people upon it will find it a charming volume. A commendation addressed to The Mirror, New York, will reach it.

## NOT A DULL PAGE.

St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.  
The Christmas Mirror shows a wonderful piece of work on the part of Editor Fisher. It is without question the handsomest Christmas number ever issued in America, and its contents are more valuable than the English magazines, which only show lithographic work. There is not a dull page in the issue, which, it would be already commended a sale of 50,000 copies. It is more than worth its price.

## REPLET WITH BEAUTIES.

Louisiana (Mo.) Journal.  
The Christmas Number of The New York Mirror, the leading theatrical journal in America, is before us. It is replete with photo-engravings of prominent actors, actresses, scenic effects, vocal music, and in fact everything in the theatrical line. An elaborate frontispiece of a Spanish beauty and "in the Wings," by Tolstai, add to its attractiveness.

## A CHARMER.

Dover Republican.  
The Christmas Number of The New York Mirror is a "charmer." It contains the photo-stereotypes of about 150 prominent people of the stage and a handsome colored picture by Virgil Tojetti, entitled "In the Wings." All of the artists pictured have contributed bright and shining articles, comprising short stories, poems and criticisms.

The Christmas Mirror has had an enormous sale here. Every one possesses it in a precious and interesting. E. A. Lavigne, Toronto, Can.  
Pronounced ahead of all similar productions and met a good sale here. JOHN M. ADAMS, Tyler, Texas.  
Widely commented upon and admired. A copy of the supplement adorned the hon-office of the Boyd. J. R. RICHMOND, Omaha, Neb.

Comparison with holiday editions of other papers is useless. The Christmas Mirror is incomparable. Its beauty surpasses anything of its kind I have ever seen. JULIA ANDERSON.  
"Me too!" FRANK BROOKER, Manager Julia Anderson.

Created quite a furore here. I have seen the supplement framed in several business offices. C. H. COMES, Lockport, N. Y.  
A gem. Last year's must retire in its favor. I intend to keep the Christmas Mirror. The Anniversary Number is also full of interesting reading. J. G. ALD-COTT, Hudson, New York.

It is greatly admired. In great demand. Over fifty copies sold in one block-store. ARTHUR STRELLA, Winnipeg, Can.  
I hardly see how it can be excelled in coming years. But we never know what The Mirror can do. J. A. TAYLOR, New Bedford, Mass.

A beauty. Each last year's is every way. All the newspapers send in second orders. Manager Wiley says: "The Mirror leads them all." P. S. HOWLAND, Peoria, Ill.

Has received more genuine praise than any similar edition of any weekly or monthly journal ever sold on a stand in Fort Worth. Riverside Hotel sold out rapidly and re-ordered. J. WAGNER, Fort Worth, Texas.

It is handsome and interesting. FRANKBROCK WARD. Please allow me (my first effort) to compliment The Mirror on its out-of-town correspondence. It is the only dramatic paper that speaks the truth regarding our business in Toledo. Your Christmas Number is indeed a very artistic and brainy piece of work. AUGUSTUS WARDLAW.  
I must send my congratulations, too, to help swell the flood with which you will no doubt be overwhelmed for the beautiful and interesting Christmas Mirror. When I think how each successive number has exceeded the previous one in artistic merit I cannot help wondering what the next one will be in point of excellence. In another way the Anniversary Number was very interesting, and my husband and I wish you many happy returns of The Mirror's birthday. LOUISE PAULSEN WARDLAW.

This eclipses them all. It is the finest holiday edition in the market. I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, and I am sure with you every kind of success. GEORGE DWAN, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Everyone here is pleased with the number. It will be hard to surpass any great season. H. L. FULLER, Hazy Grove, Texas.

Permit me to congratulate you upon the success of your anniversary journal. Good luck for the New Year. LARSEN SANCHEZ CALAMAS.  
Many happy returns. May the New Year bring good luck and prosperity in all your undertakings. LILLIAN TROST.

The most exquisite and sumptuous Number you have yet issued; every member of my company has a copy. The handsome supplement alone is worth the price of the Number. I am going to have it framed and hang it in my room. The Mirror is away in the land of its competitors. FRANK WILLIAMS, Manager Mum company.

For delicate beauty and refined taste the Christmas Mirror stands alone. No wonder the profession is proud of you. Please accept my kindest congratulations. STAN JACOBSON.  
We think it the most beautiful edition of all, and we have sent a number of copies to friends who have never seen a dramatic paper to show them what a handsome "gem" it is. Best wishes for a happy New Year. MRS. DWAN and H. B. DWAN.

## A COMPLETE VICTORY!

The Verdict of 100 Western Cities Echoed in the Metropolis.

The Entire New York Press, Without One Dissenting Voice, Acknowledge

## HE, SHE, HIM, HER,

"THE COMEDY SUCCESS OF THE YEAR."

GEO. H. ADAMS and TOMA HANLON  
"They teach Me in Their Perspective Parts"

The laughter, applause, enthusiasm and wild delight of the audience unequalled in any New York Theatre.

In addition to the history of the stage, that an attention course into New York, and played without one dissenting voice, the principal papers, all in the city, construction, language, company or star. HE, SHE, HIM, HER, THE ONE GRAND EXCEPTION.

Read the Opinion of the Ablest Critics in the World:

New York World.

Theatre-goers who enjoy wildly hilarious extravaganza will find a very good sample of the same at the People's Theatre this week. He, She, Him and Her is the name of it, and it is a most excellent one. It is a comedy, that is, a comedy of the first order, and it is a comedy that is thoroughly enjoyed by the performance. George H. Adams as Toby is absolutely clever and quietly humorous. Toma Hanlon, a rough, coarse, but excellent quality, was a number of familiar, rough, but excellent, and exhibited a number of graceful dancing steps. The company was above the average.

New York Sun.

GRIMMELI ADAMS in a SPEAKING PART. Many years ago George H. Adams began a successful career as a comic pantomime. He has undertaken this season a speaking part. The result justifies the risk, and if his company was playing in any other than a one-week house the enterprise would stand well for a long run in a Broadway theatre. The play has as much plot, business, novelty, fun and variety as any of Hayt's farces, and it is in most respects completely well performed. All the tricks and capers of clown and pantaloon are transcribed bodily to the speaking comedy, and they are set off by a glowing background of pretty girls, well selected music and bright dialogue. For many of the clowns are undeniably clever, and even the puns force a laugh, though the speaker may feel ashamed of his own history. Grimmeli has done well, and he is a very clever person, and he is a very good comedian in surrounding himself with good people. Naturally he is the best of his company, but several of them are more than worthy of his parts and particularly young. Chief in the support was Miss Toma Hanlon, a lady fully capable of keeping even with Grimmeli in his liveliest capers.

New York Herald.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.—The play is limited as a three-act pantomime comedy, but it is a comedy, and it is a comedy that is thoroughly enjoyed by the performance. George H. Adams as Toby is absolutely clever and quietly humorous. Toma Hanlon, a rough, coarse, but excellent quality, was a number of familiar, rough, but excellent, and exhibited a number of graceful dancing steps. The company was above the average.

New York Press.

COMEDY AT THE PEOPLE'S.—He, She, Him and Her, a farce comedy, was presented by George H. Adams at the People's. It depends mainly for success upon the cleverness of the people engaged for its production. They were fully up to the mark. The play was a comedy, and it was a comedy that is thoroughly enjoyed by the performance. George H. Adams as Toby is absolutely clever and quietly humorous. Toma Hanlon, a rough, coarse, but excellent quality, was a number of familiar, rough, but excellent, and exhibited a number of graceful dancing steps. The company was above the average.

New York Star.

LOVES OF GOOD SINGERS and dancing will find plenty to please them at the People's Theatre this week. He, She, Him and Her is a comedy of bright spectacles and together by the merry. "And a plot, and a George H. Adams is to be congratulated upon. He is a very clever person, and he is a very good comedian in surrounding himself with good people. Naturally he is the best of his company, but several of them are more than worthy of his parts and particularly young. Chief in the support was Miss Toma Hanlon, a lady fully capable of keeping even with Grimmeli in his liveliest capers.

Daily News.

George H. Adams is a combination of clownish humor and gutta percha, and created much amusement. Miss Toma Hanlon, pretty and clever, sang and danced exceedingly well. The S. S. P., He, She, Him and Her, is a striking diversion and was thoroughly enjoyed.

Evening Sun.

A farce comedy with a queer title. The story follows the adventures of a man who ultimately comes into a fortune, after a series of funny ups and downs. Toma Hanlon, a bright, lively actress, impersonates the wife. He, She, Him and Her is a comedy of bright spectacles and together by the merry. "And a plot, and a George H. Adams is to be congratulated upon. He is a very clever person, and he is a very good comedian in surrounding himself with good people. Naturally he is the best of his company, but several of them are more than worthy of his parts and particularly young. Chief in the support was Miss Toma Hanlon, a lady fully capable of keeping even with Grimmeli in his liveliest capers.

Evening Telegram.

HE, SHE, HIM AND HER at the People's last night. The pantomime or farce is a bridge-putge of everything, for there is tragedy, comedy, burlesque, pantomime and all sorts and kinds of stage entertainments, in it.

New York Mirror Says:

One of the most diverting and lively pieces which has been presented in New York has been received with the greatest enthusiasm by a large audience. The play is made the medium for a great variety of vocal and incidental acts of a very entertaining character, and it was especially remarkable for the lively continuity with which the action was kept going. George H. Adams as Toby is absolutely clever and quietly humorous. Toma Hanlon, a rough, coarse, but excellent quality, was a number of familiar, rough, but excellent, and exhibited a number of graceful dancing steps. The company was above the average.

New York Clipper.

The purpose for which it was written is that of affording amusement, and it does that to a marked degree. George H. Adams secured a pr. named hit in a speaking part—that of a country lad, with earnestness for success of his appearance. Mr. Adams' endeavor, carefully considered, was full of bright and subtle points, his long education in pantomime naturally standing him in good stead. Toma Hanlon was a delight and a surprise to everybody. Preceded of a fine comic opera scene, she captured the house with her singing, and held it by her quality and brightness. She is a talented little woman, and is by no means the least of the comedy received, being brought on and for her excellent cleverness, impersonation of Fanny Brice. The two above named were easily the head and front of the show, but they received good support.

Sunday Mercury.

In the old days Grimmeli Adams was a good pantomime actor, but he has found his proper place to be in comedy, and he is a combination of comedy and humor called He, She, Him and Her. He has been doing for him, and in this George H. Adams has carried off the laughter and games of a crowded audience.

New York Dispatch.

That eddy named place, He, She, Him and Her, was done at the People's Theatre last week with excellent success. The work is extremely diverting, and it is a comedy that is thoroughly enjoyed by the performance. George H. Adams as Toby is absolutely clever and quietly humorous. Toma Hanlon, a rough, coarse, but excellent quality, was a number of familiar, rough, but excellent, and exhibited a number of graceful dancing steps. The company was above the average.

The Times (Dramatic) Says:

He, She, Him and Her has caught on in popularity at the People's Theatre. This play is a comedy, and it is a comedy that is thoroughly enjoyed by the performance. George H. Adams as Toby is absolutely clever and quietly humorous. Toma Hanlon, a rough, coarse, but excellent quality, was a number of familiar, rough, but excellent, and exhibited a number of graceful dancing steps. The company was above the average.

C. R. GARDINER, Manager.

Also Representing

Clay H. Green's BIG UNCLE TOM.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Permanent address, HONOLULU, HAWAII.















## The Usher.



In Ushering  
And his who can! The ladies call him, sweet,  
—Love's Lament's Love.

The improvements shortly to be made in *The Mirror's* size and appearance will be extensive, and I shall be greatly mistaken if they do not meet with general favor. The enlargement to sixteen pages will be accompanied by a slight reduction in the length and breadth of each page to more convenient and attractive dimensions than the present size. The change will permit a higher grade of excellence in typography and make up than is now possible, and it will also furnish several additional columns of space—a want that has grown to a positive necessity under the present crowded condition of *The Mirror*.

Messrs. Farmer, Little and Company, the best type-founders in New York, and perhaps in the country, will deliver in a few days the complete new outfit which they are manufacturing for *The Mirror*. They have had *extra blanks* to supply us with the finest and simplest dress of type procurable, together with every latest appliance and mechanical facility requisite to make this journal the handsomest weekly issued in the United States.

Several pleasant surprises may be expected by the readers at the time these changes and improvements go into effect.

A letter from Manager Haines, of the Opera House at Decatur, Ill., which is printed in another column, indicates that he has misconstrued *The Mirror's* remarks respecting one-night stands. Mr. Haines has doubtless forgotten that the reform instituted some years ago by this journal in connection with the small towns belonging to that category was solely in the interest of the local managers and visiting companies, and in no sense derogatory to that useful and important class of places.

The subject was taken up in this way: The one-night stands, at the time I speak of, were being frightfully over-played. Four, five and six companies a week were appearing in many of them, which, under the most favorable conditions, could not profitably support more than one or two. *The Mirror* urged the necessity of restricting the supply to accord with the demand so that one-night stands should restore their falling popularity and resume their theatrical prosperity. Both local and traveling managers acknowledged the force of *The Mirror's* arguments, and adopted, in large numbers, the proposed policy of restriction which soon brought the small towns again into flourishing consequence.

All the advantages claimed for the one-night stands by Manager Haines I gladly admit. That they are not particularly liked by traveling actors on account of the extra expense and discomfort involved is not strange. At the same time and in spite of the personal inconveniences attendant on hopping from place to place night by night—sometimes for weeks at a stretch—professionals generally are, as they ought to be, duly appreciative of a class of towns and theatres without which probably one-half of them would be out of employment. It is the prevalence of these very places that makes it feasible for between three and four hundred organizations to perform without interruption eight or nine months in every year.

The house-warming of *The Players* on Monday night was theatrical in almost everything except the presence of theatrical people. This is not surprising when it is considered that the great majority of its members are outsiders and members only were bidden to the festivities. There are about one hundred and fifty persons in the organization, of which number but twenty-one are actors. However, it is pretty well understood now that the institution is to be a players' club only in name and pretense. The few professionals in it, by the way, are almost without exception connected with these companies—Booth and Barrett's, the Madison Square and Daly's.

## Mr. Randall's Bureau.

Few business offices are more elegantly appointed than those of Randall's Theatrical Bureau at No. 1145 Broadway. Mr. Randall has made the booking of attractions and the filling of time at theatres his life work. He represents leading organizations and theatres and claims that there is not a city in the United States or Canada in which the best theatre is not represented by him.

Yesterday (Wednesday) Mr. Randall states that he was paid the largest amount of money ever given a booking agency by F. J. Proctor, who gives twelve houses he will hereafter represent. Edwin A. Pratt, the theatrical lawyer, who has an extensive acquaintance in the

profession, has relinquished his downtown office and will hereafter be permanently connected with Randall's Bureau.

The uptown offices of Harry Miner's attractions are attached to the suite occupied by Mr. Randall, and are presided over by J. Charles Davis. Mr. Miner fully recognizes the fact that the Upper Right is becoming the business centre of the profession, and he felt that he could not afford to be without representation there. The offices are conveniently situated.

## Christmas Among the Profession.

The holidays were widely celebrated by the profession. Baquets, surprises and present giving varied the monotony of life in pretty nearly every traveling organization. Managers, stars and companies joined in the festivities, which other people have more time, but not more eagerness, to enjoy. Accounts of a number of these incidents have reached *The Mirror*.

Vernona Jarbeau remembered each member of her company with a handsome present Christmas morning. She received many gifts from them, including a silver toilet set, a writing portfolio, some embroidered articles and a French traveling clock. Harry C. Clarke got a diamond ring, diamond collar-button, watch and chain, silver mounted umbrella, gold studs, silver toilet set, silver flask, and silk suspenders and embroidered handkerchiefs in profusion.

When the members of the Sietson Opera company were about to leave the Grand Opera House, Toronto, after the performance on Christmas Eve, their attention was called to a notice posted on the call-board. This was found to be an invitation extended by Helen Lamont and Nat Roth to the members of the company asking them to attend a banquet at the Rosin House next day. Accordingly, at 5:30 P. M. on Tuesday, after the matinee, the principals, chorus, orchestra and employees assembled in the dining hall of the Rosin House. Miss Lamont presided at one end and Mr. Roth at the other. After justice had been done to the viands and when the corks had popped themselves into oblivion, Mr. Roth toasted Miss Lamont. After a similar compliment had been paid the manager, Mr. Brocolini made a speech which evoked loud applause. Then a gold watch and chain was presented to Albert Tietjen, who responded in a witty speech.

Lizzie Evans received from her company an onal and diamond ring, diamond cuff buttons, alligator valise, etc. Nora Moran of the Corinne Opera company was given a diamond ring by Manager Jennie Kimball. Tonia Hanlon, soubrette of the He, She, Him and Her company, received a diamond necklace and diamond bracelet, and other handsome things. Col. Joe Chenet, H. R. Jacobs' Chicago representative, was given a pair of solid gold diamond sleeve buttons during the performance of *True Irish Hearts*. They were a testimonial from the employees of the Academy of Music. James L. Edwards, who was a member of the Emmet Literary Association before he went on the stage was presented with a gold-headed cane by that society.

Ullie Akersdon's company surprised her with a handsome toilet and manicure set. Manager Carvat received a similar present from the same source. Miss Akersdon remembered each lady in the organization, while Mr. Charvat played Santa Claus for the men.

At Toledo on Christmas Eve the Peck's Bad Boy company had a jolly time, thanks to Manager H. T. Wilson. After the performance the members were instructed to report to Mr. Wilson in his room at the Hotel Hamilton. Arrived there they were surprised to find a big Christmas tree, blazing with light and burdened with presents. Everybody received something useful or ornamental, and after the distribution was over the most of the night was spent in convivial fashion.

On the same night the Kittle Rhoades company had their sixth annual banquet, Christmas tree, and general jollification at Easton, Pa. Immediately after performance they repaired to the Franklin House and enjoyed an elaborate supper. This finished, the tree was exhibited in Miss Rhoades' apartment. Its fruit was varied, consisting of pretty nearly every thing from diamond rings, pins and gold watches to toilet articles and smoking sets. There were two hundred and eighteen articles distributed altogether. Everybody was handsomely remembered.

Joseph Frank, manager of Zoro, was called behind the curtain at Proctor's Hartford theatre and presented by Sol Aiken with a handsome Elk badge set with diamonds. It was the gift of the company. They also gave Mr. Aiken a watch chain and Mr. Frank gave him a gold-headed walking stick. Edwin French presented William Lester, of Lester and Allen, with a silver banjo. This instrument was used by Mr. French when he played before the English royal family. As a memento of the old partnership of French and Lester and Allen it was decidedly appropriate.

On Christmas night a complimentary banquet was tendered to Kate Castleton by the members of her company, at the Peabody Hotel, Memphis, Tenn. The affair was a complete surprise to her. Miss Castleton was toasted by Stage Manager Bert Coote, and Arthur C. Pell, the musical director, wrote a song for the occasion. This seems to be a very happy theatrical family altogether. The members of it unite in saying that there is more real good fellowship in it than they have met with before. Miss Castleton and her company preserve a mutual respect and esteem, personally and professionally.

Little Joe Ingram, of Margaret Mather's company, was made superlatively happy by the present of a big velvet-caped from the star. The little chap is a great favorite with his adult associates.

The Kimball Opera company was in Wheeling, W. Va., on Christmas. The night before they were entertained by Stage Manager C. Houn and Musical Director Fred Perkins. Christmas night Manager Mase Edwards invited them all to a spread at the McLure House. There were songs, speeches and stories galore after the solids and liquids were disposed of and the party did not disperse until daybreak.

Those members of the theatrical profession who elbowed their way into Clarendon Hall on last Sunday evening and suffered almost unendurable agony for four hours in a stifling, hot and almost nauseating atmosphere, had much cause for complaint against the mismanagement which marked the "Santa Claus Festival" given on that occasion. Hitherto the annual entertainment for the children of professionals had been quietly announced and almost as quietly carried out. There had been short programmes and no end of amusement for the little ones. The adults present

were connected with the stage in one way or another and as a rule had a pleasant time in witnessing the entertainment. For weeks before last Sunday's entertainment great splurges had been made in the papers and as a result Clarendon Hall was crowded with outsiders to the detriment of the professional who was pushed in the background. A wearisome programme lasted until twelve o'clock and then a ball was given. A select few made merry at the expense of the children of whom there was very few that really amused themselves.

Floy Crowell was the recipient of a silver-mounted folding mirror for her dressing-room from her company. Not a member of the company was forgotten by her, each one receiving a testimonial of her regards.

Helen Carlisle was remembered in a most agreeable manner by her friends. She received many beautiful and costly presents, among the number a cluster diamond ring from Washington friends.

The Yeamans family organized itself into a mutual benefit society on Christmas. Mrs. Yeamans presented her daughter, Jennie, a handsome sealskin coat, and Jennie reciprocated with a diamond brooch. Emily received a sealskin ulster, and in return presented her mother with a number of costly cases and other knick knacks. Anne O'Neill, of Harrigan's company, also expressed her admiration for the Yeamans family by presenting the head of the house with a beautiful silver mirror and Emily with a silver-handled umbrella.

W. H. Power presented Owen Ferree, his clever business manager, in Milwaukee, last week, with a cheque for \$500 as a Christmas gift.

## Gossip of the Town.

Edwin Thorne's Right Man company closed season at Worcester, Mass., last week.

The Hennepin Avenue Theatre, at Minneapolis, was successfully reopened on Christmas week. There is open time for first-class attractions.

Henry Chanfran will close his season on Jan. 12. He will then make preparations for a revival of Sam, in which his father starred for a long time.

Sydney Rosenfeld is writing a topical song for George H. Adams which the latter will introduce among the many other features of He, She, Him and Her.

The Remington Type-writer is highly endorsed by Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau. Miss M. E. Orr, of this city, won the gold medal for the championship of the world on the Remington.

William Emerson, a son of Billy Emerson, the minstrel, is a pupil at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. On Christmas night he played the comedy role in a drama given by the pupils with marked success.

C. A. Miller, the well known manager, of Columbus, O., arrived in the city yesterday. He will remain for four or five weeks in order to make extensive preparations for the spectacular production of *Kajantla*, which he will manage next season, as well as to book that show throughout the country.

Charles McCarthy, in one of the bravest, who recently played to splendid business at the Windsor Theatre, is reported to be doing well on the New England circuit. The company plays in Boston next week. Gus Phillips, the well known "Oafy Gault," is in advance of the company on its Yankee tour.

Muggs' Landing is all right. The malicious report that the company would close last Saturday night is denied by Manager Bishop and John Mackever. The company will be strengthened materially next week, but the piece goes on just the same, except with a better equipment.

John Kastendille will hereafter manage Martin Hayden in his melodramas, *Boy Hero* and *Cast Ashore*, rewritten by Mrs. C. A. Dorema. The plays will be produced with new special scenery and mechanical effects and original incidental music. Specialties will be introduced by several of the company, which is being engaged. Thus far the following have been secured: Harry J. Pearson, Charles E. Eldridge, Harry Stone, Joe Coyne, F. H. Culville, Alice Coleman and Addie Dunant.

The Hyperion Theatre, at New Haven, which has a seating capacity of 2,500, has been fitted up with all the latest improvements. Under the capable management of G. B. Bunnell this theatre caters particularly to the best class of theatre-goers, not only of New Haven but of the entire State of Connecticut. Excursion trains are run in connection with all attractions booked at this theatre. It is open all the year round and is endorsed by the most distinguished members of the profession. Time is being booked for this season and next.

Manager Charles P. Hall and Treasurer J. J. Gottlob, of the Bush Street Theatre, at San Francisco, jointly certify that Frank Daniels and his clever company in *Little Puck* played the largest two weeks' engagement in the history of that theatre. People were turned away nightly during the stay of *Little Puck*. The piece is one of the best musical farce-comedies on the road, and the company, headed by Frank Daniels and Benjie Sanson, is strong and carefully selected. They had a very successful week at the People's in this city in October last.

The members of the Laura Joyce Muggs' Landing and Kindergarten companies complain bitterly to *The Mirror* of the action of the management, Junius Howe, and their star. At Carrollton, Mo., on Dec. 22, the company went to pieces. Their baggage had been taken to the depot where they were to take the train for Lincoln, Neb., the next morning. The two people complained of, however, had already bought their tickets for St. Louis and left on an early train, leaving the company with part of their board bill unpaid. Through the kindness of the railroad company they were allowed to come to Chicago on their trunks which are still in the baggage room, as there is not a dollar in the party to reclaim the baggage or to take them to New York.

Another big production on the style of *The Old Homestead* is that of *Jed Prunty*, by William Gill and Richard Golden, which is to go out next season under the management of Rich and Harris, the Boston managers, who intend to spare no expense to make the representation first-class in every respect. Mr. Golden, who is a remarkably bright comedian, is to be starred, supported by a company of character artists, while special scenery and effects will be gotten up by John A. Thompson, the artist of the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston. The first production of the play will take place at Bangor, Me., on April 22, and the piece is to be booked only in the larger cities. Mr. Frohman at No. 1267 Broadway

has taken charge of the routing. The play tells a simple story of Maine life, pure and realistic. The plot is said to be founded on fact.

## The New Horatian Codies.

You must arise, and gods divine,  
Come celebrate the praise  
Of him who guarded our stage and retarded  
The influx of alien joys.  
Louis Aldrich his name, a fighter game  
Of many a battle was he  
How he swept the boards of the English hordes  
Was an awesome sight to see!

You know how "Ratios Codies"  
He'd the bridge in former days?  
But if you do not, you should on the spot,  
Fide "Macaulay's Lays"  
Of Ancient Rome, a millicent tone,  
Which makes Horatius a hero,  
But just wait a minute, you'll see he's not in it  
With Aldrich—he drops down to zero.

Those terrible English actors  
Had come in battalions strong,  
But Aldrich swore, with oaths galore,  
They shouldn't remain here long.  
Yet somehow the fickle public  
Would welcome each alien troupe,  
Nor care a particle if the home article  
Were crowded into the soup.

So Aldrich "girded" in lions,  
And his armor he donned, did he,  
And said "I'll be d— if this foreign brand  
Shall give the grand laugh unto me."  
For he was a jester who often played poker,  
So he made quite a beautiful bluff.  
The English who came weren't on to the game—  
They hadn't played of an enigma.

Then cried Aldrich with tragedy loudness,  
For mighty of lung was he,  
"Lo, who will bide at my right side,  
Or my fighting partner be?"  
Out spake one Harley Merry,  
A singer of point was he,  
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And wallop the foe with thee!"

With trusty falchions gleaming  
They stood on the Battery strand,  
And no contractor of an English actor  
Could ever get one to land!  
So fill up the beer, and drink with a cheer  
To Aldrich, and also to H. Merry,  
Like knights of old they are stalwart and bold  
And chivalrous of chivalry—very.

But I dream I was supping with Aldrich,  
The wine caused our tongues to wag,  
He's a genial fellow, and being quite amiable,  
He let the cat out of the bag!  
For what do you think, as he tipped me a wink,  
He whispered in tones of joy,  
"I'm looking dates in the N. Y. England States,  
It is all a big ad., my boy!"

So merrily arose, and gods divine  
Come celebrate the praise  
Of him who guarded our stage and retarded  
The influx of alien joys.  
Throughout the land, in each one-night stand,  
His percentage will be six.  
He's a warrior bold, and a knight of old  
And you bet, he knows his bit.

HENRY HOLLAND

## Protection.

New York, Dec. 24, 1888.

Editor *New York Mirror*:—

I would not intimate that I have any very well digested opinions with regard to the proposed amendment to the Labor Contract Law in the interest of the American actor; yet such as my opinions, or impressions, as I will—so I have been asked to do so by two or three members of the profession—made known in *The Mirror*, if you permit me to do so.

The only good that will come, or should come, of the movement to anyone, in my opinion, will be simply the fact that some of my movement that makes men think.

Were I an actor dependent on a salary, I should certainly favor the movement; but were I a legislator, I should just as certainly oppose it. As a legislator, I should not be so much interested in the matter as the interest of the many. In this matter, the legislator should consider the player as well as the employer.

Even with the present influx of English actors, it is no easy task to cast a play that demands more than the English actor can give.

Instead of spending his time in the vain endeavor to keep the English player out by legal enactment, let the American player spend his time in the laudable endeavor to make himself the better player. This is not only the most practical course to pursue in order to compass the end aimed at, it is also the more dignified and manly course. Other things being equal, the American manager will employ the American in preference to the English actor.

De facto the English actor, as a rule, despite his pipe, is more gentlemanly in his dress and bearing, of the stage, than the American actor, which is an inconstant matter, and one that greatly, and properly, influences every employer.

If English will drive from our stage the fair-tempered who has not learned that a little stage deportment, a little stage fearlessness, and an acquaintance with his part, are sufficient to enable him to hold his own in the theatre, let the free but in the actor's art; or the best that is to be said to acquire anything more than a little stage deportment, a little stage fearlessness, and a slight acquaintance with the language given him to speak—I say, if England will drive the English actor from our stage, let the American actor do so, for so that would any thinkable amendment to the Labor Contract Law.

I would not be understood to intimate that in my opinion all the English players that come to us are more artistically, or even in this entry against the English actor.

While I cherish a sincere respect for the legion of workers, whether as ship-builders or soap-makers, that support the structure of wealth, still that feeling becomes one of enthusiastic admiration for an actor of art and its few and brilliant giving food for stout hearts and weary brains. Each should have proportionate laws proportionate to their greatness. Must not be clouded with show-bush? Must the same law govern both?

I once gazed at a head of Christ by Marillo, hung on the altar of a church in America. "By thy infinite goodness and most amiable perfection I firmly profess," and never realized the significance of those words until I understood that English proof of immortality that would have given joy to the thoughts of death—the soul of Christ sent again to earth in the genius of Marillo.

Would you send a second Marillo from our glorious shores where inspiration finds new power and divine ambition of a spiritual conviction that might help to usher the gates of heaven? Yes, he is a star, but was only an actor at best. If you crush the actor you must kill the future star.

An art ambition—this gem of heart-transcendence. The poor devil who becomes weary outward show of life to keep this star of diamonds here at his breast—you put him on the same bench with the Chinese chessman.

Misplaced and misguided he dashes the priceless gem from him and cowardly goes back to the desert of everyday struggle—a broken-hearted man.

Another instance: I am a successful man playing Hamlet. I must select a man with a gracefulness and sweetness of manner for Hamlet that will give me some inspiration for my outpour of emotion. I am dependent on the sympathy for my power. I interview several actors. One is my ideal. I feel pleasure from his eyes. I cannot engage him. He is English and comes from a land where my ancestors fled from oppression. I must realize by inflicting the same punishment. I raise the cry on his shoulders and send him on to Calcutta, a cool paradise gifted with the essence of love and humility, capable of purifying nature through art. I could not find another Hamlet. An American actor played the part but badly. He was well made, with plenty of intellect, but cold and hard. An inherent ar-

rogance a feeling of assumed superiority, with one of that self-sufficiency that only comes through deliberate cultivation of the feeling and leads to contempt in the eyes of his chosen.

The same feeling that comes from a lack of self-confidence can arise in any man, even with more selfish, the result of cultivated feeling, we will have the worst of their art, and with American brains, reared upon by subjective culture of our sensibilities, a healthy growth of flesh and bone, far overreach the limit of English talent.

COLLIER, Dec. 27, 1888.

Editor of the *New York Mirror*:—

DEAR SIR: When the *Inter-State Law* was passed, I said, in a card to *The Mirror*, that there was nothing in that enactment to prevent refunds from ending rates to domestic companies if they so desired. In proof of the correctness of my statement is the fact that a majority of roads are now openly announcing and openly reducing rates. The *Inter-State Law* was simply a suggestion, or, more properly, an excuse for the roads for subjecting themselves to the trading organizations.

A greater force is now impending.

It seems to me that Messrs. Aldrich et al. might be more usefully employed than in trying by law to keep out foreign actors. In the first place, as in liquor legislation, prohibitions will not possibly do much good. We want to come, or any manager who wants an actor, will be gratified in the truth of the law. The only difference will be that contracts will be signed on this side of the water instead of overseas.

In the next place, an actor, or, in fact, an actor worthy of the title, will be lost out of employment by imported talent. There are not enough actors in England to do this. Nor is it true that twelve hundred actors are now idle in England. Nor, again, is it true that English actors are brought over because they work cheaper than our own. English actors come as much about salaries on this side as we do, and demand and receive all that the market allows. Actors are imported because we have not enough of our own, and artists have to serve our needs. Sixty-thousand of the life so-called actors could not fill a walking line in any stock company. They may have the talent but they have not the training. Any manager knows how hard to impossible it is to get together a competent company, even when he is willing to pay liberal salaries.

The simple truth is that there are not near enough real actors in this country and England combined to serve our needs, and so we are compelled to fast upon a suffering public more or less inexperienced artists, some of whom, I grant, get on possibly in one part for a season.

New York, Dec. 24, 1888.

Editor *New York Mirror*:—

DEAR SIR—My remarks are intended to be merely suggestive, as they must necessarily be brief and humble. A numerous and influential body of American actors and managers are endeavoring to influence the opinion of a portion of the American theatrical profession by a course of procedure hardly calculated to reflect creditably on the American characteristics of superior ability, firmness or hospitality. It is not that they are doing themselves out of their depth, but that they are trying to do so. They are trying to do so by a course of procedure hardly calculated to reflect creditably on the American characteristics of superior ability, firmness or hospitality. It is not that they are doing themselves out of their depth, but that they are trying to do so. They are trying to do so by a course of procedure hardly calculated to reflect creditably on the American characteristics of superior ability, firmness or hospitality. 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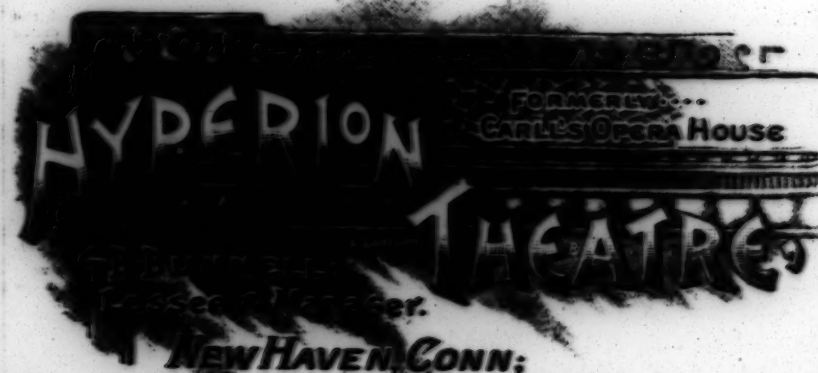
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LIVE BABY, THEY HED GONE  
THROUGH THE BLESSED DECEM-  
BER NIGHT CLINGIN' TO ITS  
DEAD MOTHER'S BOSOM, I  
RAISED BOTH HANDS  
AHIGH EN SHOUTE  
OUT, GLORYBETO  
GOD! GLORYBETO  
TO GOD!"

"There's only one thing  
in the world that's a big-  
ger fool than a woman—  
and that's a man."



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